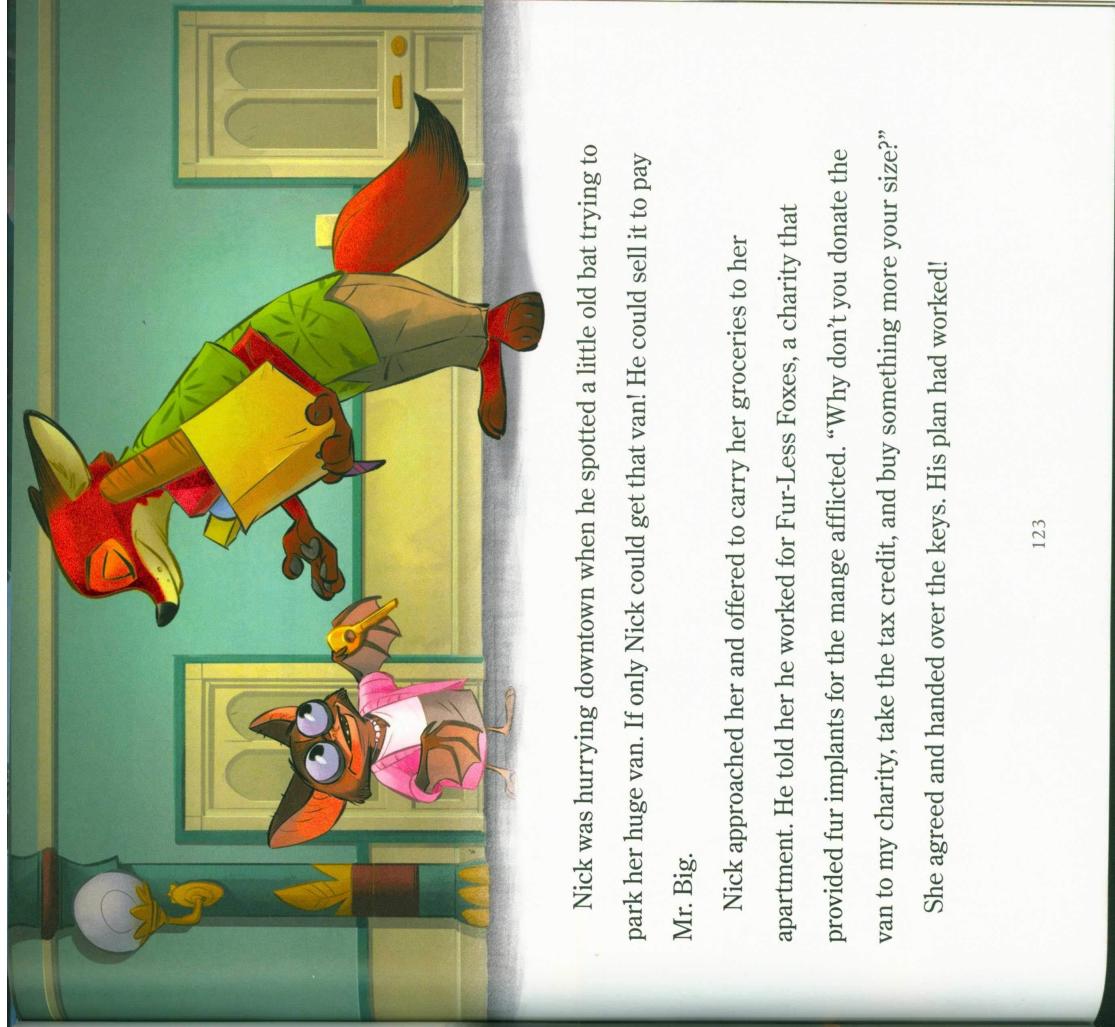


Disney  
**ZOOTOPIA**

# Hustle Up



**L**ong before he met Judy Hopps, Nick Wilde was a street-smart fox. But one day Nick placed a bet against Mr. Big and lost. "You have six hours to get me the money you owe, Nicky. Otherwise"—Mr. Big gazed upon a deep pit of ice—"you're iced."



Nick was hurrying downtown when he spotted a little old bat trying to park her huge van. If only Nick could get that van! He could sell it to pay Mr. Big.

Nick approached her and offered to carry her groceries to her apartment. He told her he worked for Fur-Less Foxes, a charity that provided fur implants for the mange afflicted. "Why don't you donate the van to my charity, take the tax credit, and buy something more your size?" She agreed and handed over the keys. His plan had worked!



But when he got to the van, his worst enemy, Finnick, had already hot-wired it and was behind the wheel driving off.

Lately, every time he turned around, Finnick was there.

If there was one hustler in all of Zootopia Nick wished would go away, it was Finnick.

“Au revoir, bug brain!” he said, in his deep, gravelly voice. Then he zoomed away.

But Nick shook it off. He had plenty of great ideas. *In fact, I have more great ideas in one day than Finnick will have in his whole life,* Nick thought. Nick would get the money some other way.

When he saw Big Al's Fine Cars, his eyes lit up. He grabbed a discarded trench coat off a bus bench and slipped it on. Nick entered the dealership and wandered toward the mouse cars. He stuffed some of the tiny vehicles into his pockets and sauntered out.



Nick whistled as he headed toward Little Rodentia. Typically, he didn't like the grab-and-go technique, but sometimes hustlers had to improvise. This was one of those times.

He set a blue

convertible car down  
for a mouse to check  
out. "And it's yours for  
a grand."

"I have the same  
model for nine  
hundred fifty dollars!"  
came a gruff voice  
from the other end of  
the alley.

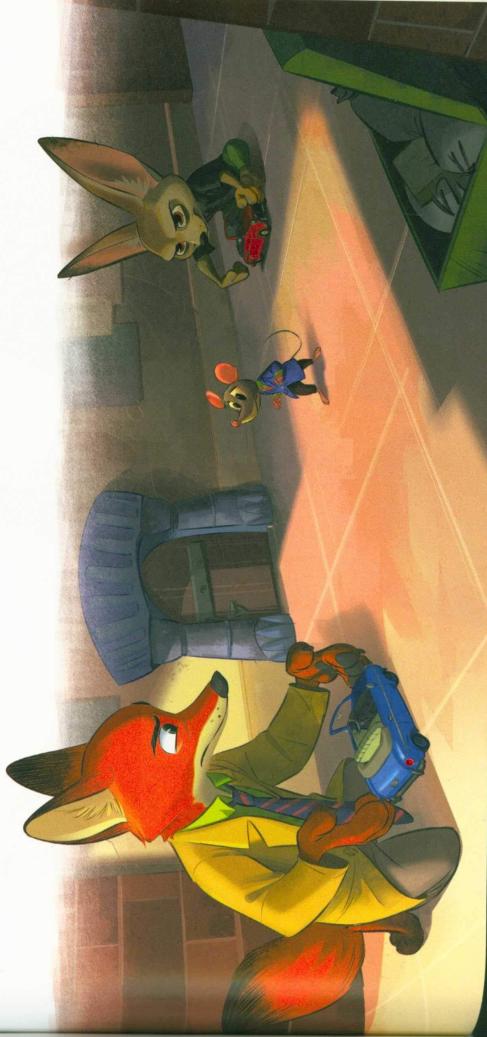
It was Finnick! The mouse headed toward Nick's rival.  
"Nine hundred dollars," Nick said, narrowing his eyes at Finnick.  
"Seven hundred!" said Finnick.  
"You can have this one for six hundred dollars, and it runs like a dream!"  
said Nick.

"Two hundred dollars!" shouted Finnick. "Plus a free wash!"

"One hundred seventy-five dollars final," Nick countered.

"Zero!" said Finnick, rolling the car toward the mouse.

"Yes!" the mouse said. He jumped in and took off.



As the polar bears reached for the two hustlers, Nick had an idea.

"Uh, um . . . Mr. Big," he said. "Sir . . . oh, honorable . . . one. Give us until sundown."

"You know I can't do that, Nicky—"

"We'll double the money we owe," said Nick, crossing his arms with confidence.

Finnick looked at Nick, confused, while Mr. Big considered the offer.



Suddenly, a stretch limo pulled up, and two polar bears stepped out.

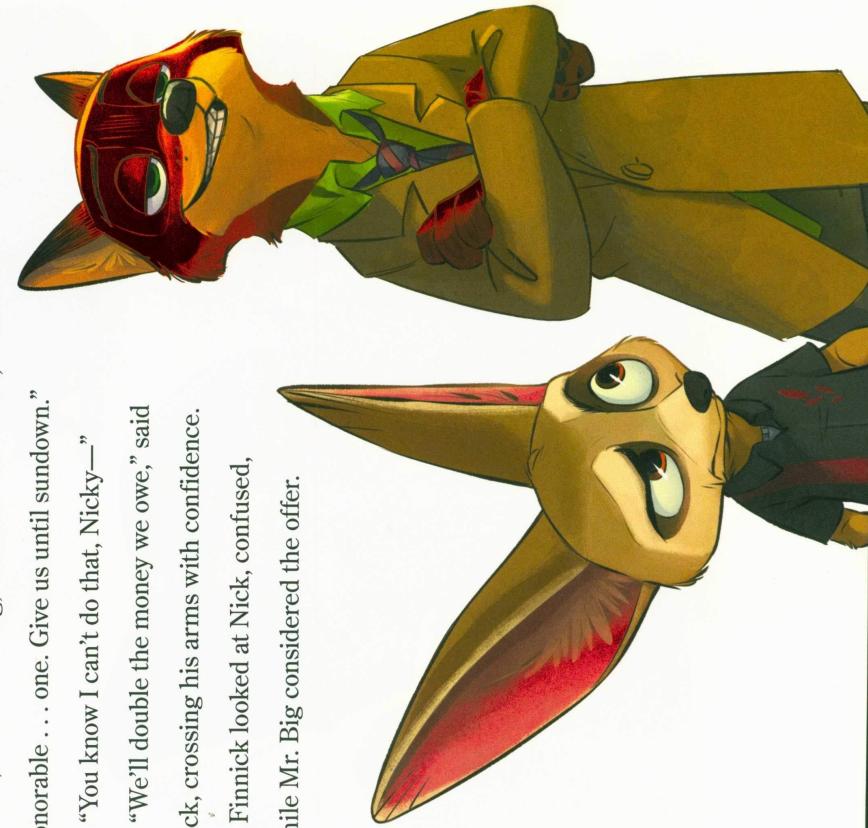
Then they opened a door to reveal . . . Mr. Big!

"Time's up," he said. "I'm here to collect what you both owe me."

*Finnick owes Mr. Big, too?* Nick thought.

But neither Nick nor Finnick had the money.

"Ice 'em!" Mr. Big ordered.

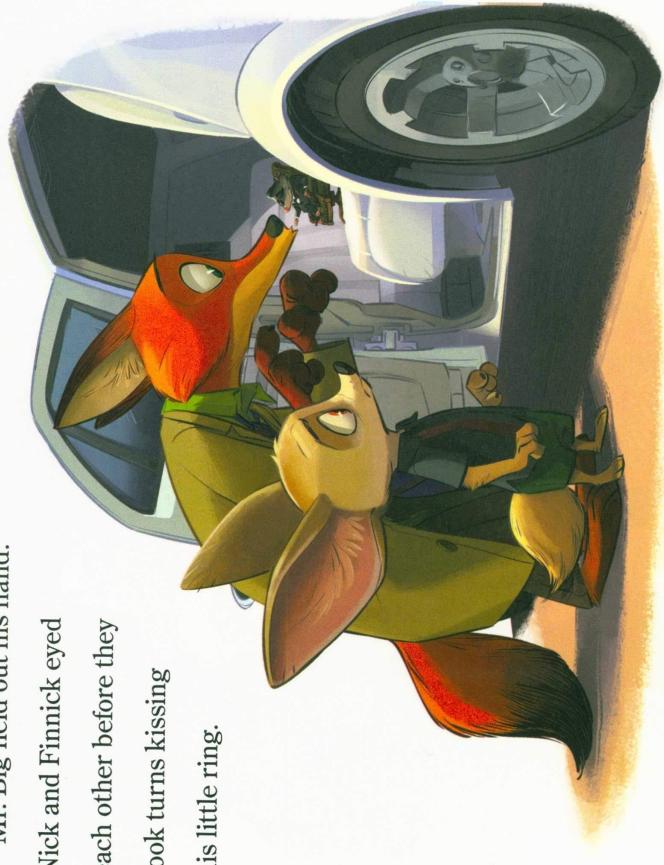


"Okay," Mr. Big said. "I'll see you at sundown. And you'd better have it, or it's Ice Town for you both."

Nick nodded. "Yup. I know. We'll have it."

Mr. Big held out his hand.

Nick and Finnick eyed each other before they took turns kissing his little ring.



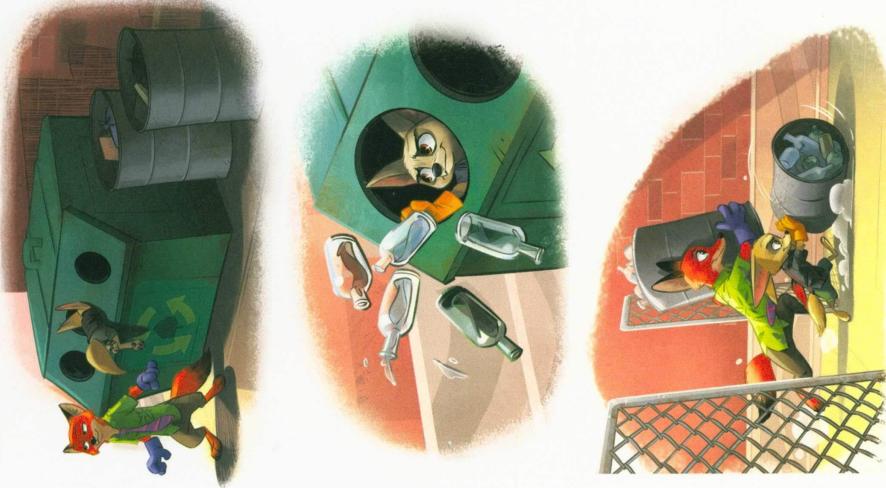
After the tiny crime lord had left, Nick and Finnick had to get to work, and Nick already had a plan.

He instructed Finnick to drive to a large recycling bin to collect water bottles.

"What? The garbage?" asked Finnick.

"It's not garbage," said Nick. "It's opportunity. With my ideas and your size, the money will roll in!"

Once the van was full of bottles, they headed for the Rainforest District.



H U S T L E   U P

When they arrived at Sahara Square, Finnick disconnected a pipe on a water fountain.

“This is busted!” said a cub trying to get a drink.

“Fresh, cold, natural water,” called Nick, holding up a bottle.

“We’ll just buy some from this nice fox and his little boy,” the cub’s mother said.



Nick and Finnick stood the bottles up and used the rainwater to fill them.

When the bottles were full, they got back into the van.

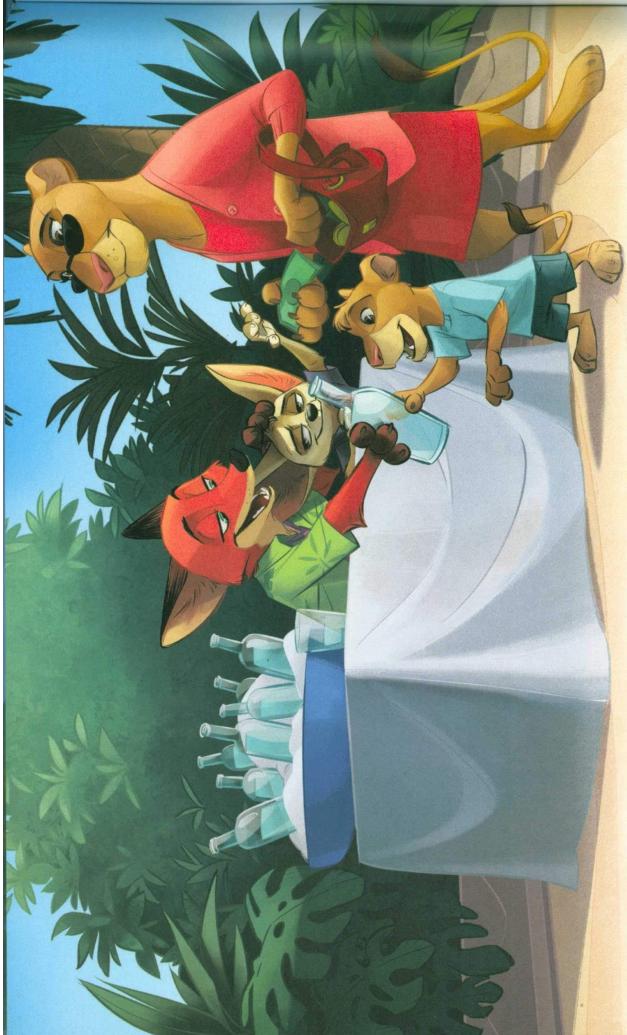
“All right,” said Nick. “It’s money time. Next stop: Sahara Square.”



But Finnick never came  
back! Nick waited and waited.  
Where had Finnick gone?  
Had the van been towed? Had  
Finnick been hauled off to jail?  
*And he had the money with*  
him!

Nick walked off. *When I find*  
*him I'm going to ice him myself,*  
Nick thought.

After an hour, Nick finally  
realized Finnick wasn't coming  
back. Nick started feeling  
nervous. He knew Mr. Big  
would be expecting his money  
at sundown.



Finnick forced a pained smile when Nick patted him on the head as  
Finnick accepted payment for the water.  
Nick and Finnick sold water bottles  
all afternoon. When they had only a  
few left, Finnick went to get the van.

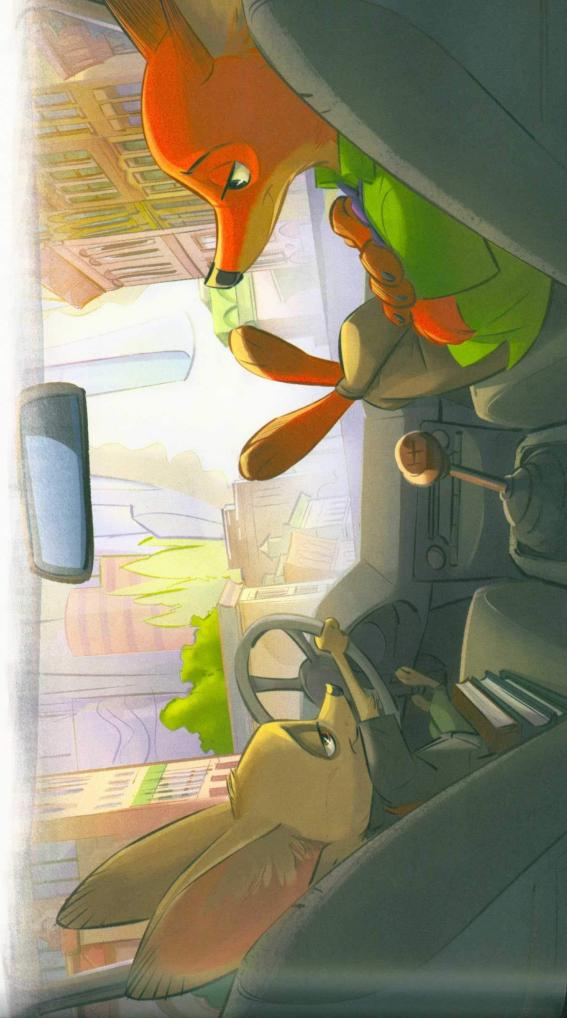


H U S T L E   U P

Back in Tundratown, Nick and Finnick handed over the cash to Mr. Big and left as fast as they could.

“So, what are we doing tomorrow?” Finnick asked as they sped through the streets of downtown.

“I have an idea, *and it’s not even really that illegal,*” Nick said. Finnick shrugged, turned up his French rap music, and put the pedal to the metal.

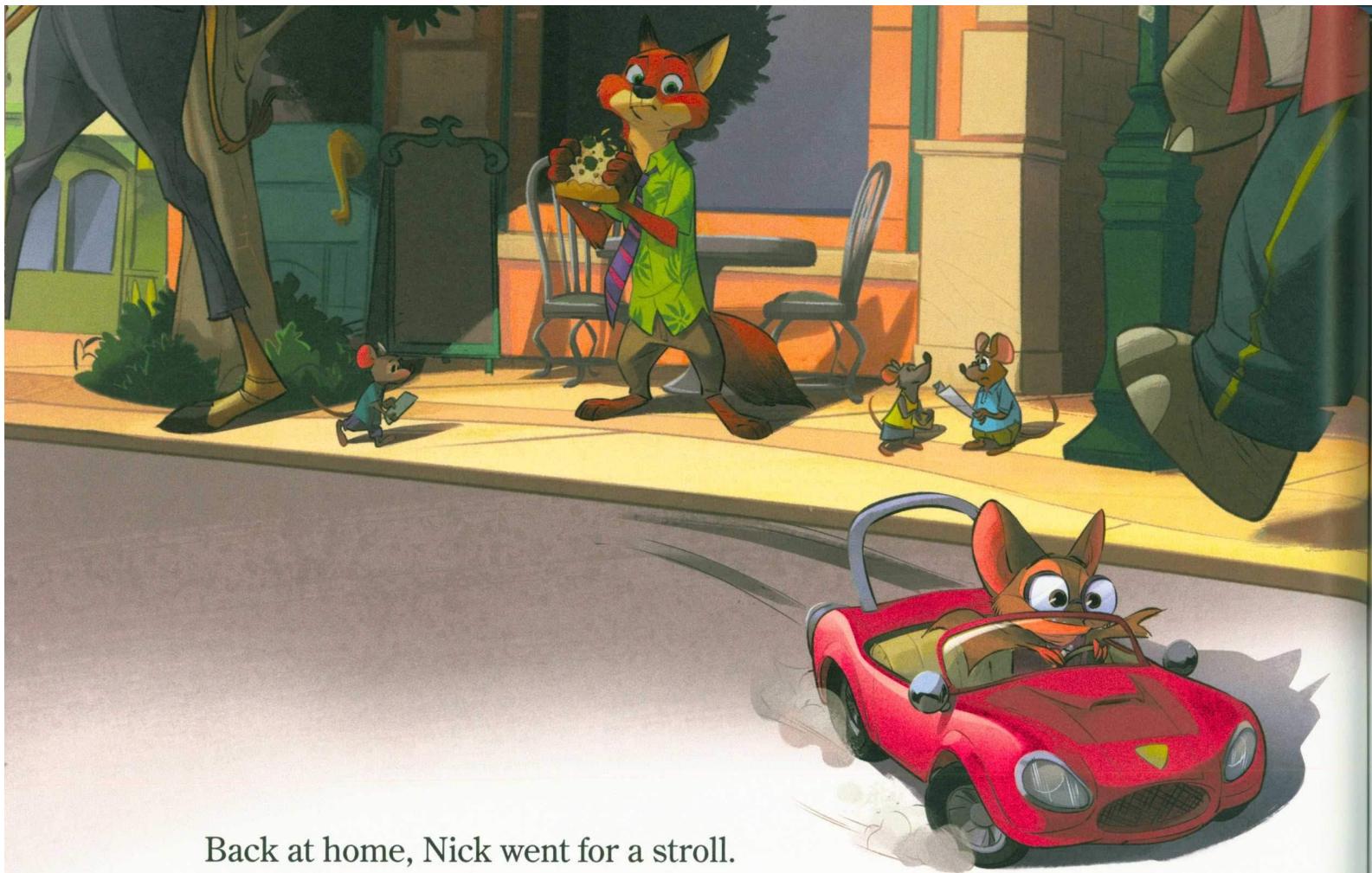


Suddenly, Finnick pulled up.

“Where have you—” Nick started. But then he noticed the painting on the side of the van.

“If we’re going to work together, we need a stylish vehicle.”

“Work together,’ huh?” said Nick. “I knew you liked me.”



Back at home, Nick went for a stroll.  
Tires screeched as a car zoomed  
by him. It was the old bat—in a fancy new car.

“Thanks for the advice!” she said to Nick. “You were right: a car more  
my size does suit me!”

Nick smiled as he watched her race off. His hustle had worked. And  
with Finnick as his partner, even more opportunities awaited him.